

THE NECTAR OF GODS, REVISITED

KYLE TURNER

an unlikely connection to the dark,
at precisely the entangled moment.
slithering flesh, the moment us two spark
the very stones we gaze on take movement.
life, started fresh. a blinking of the eye.
no more i roam – no more shall i bleed,
unless you need proof there is only i
on the inside – to set your soul free.
selfishly greed has you trapped in the marrow of my bones.
left alone, i would quarrel only death
to the extent of losing new found home.
another mark – another lost breath.
to this moment i cling. reality
relentless spark. her return, so lovely.